

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

*Cliff.* That's my office for my fathers death.

*Queene.* Yet stay, and lets heare the Orisons he makes.

*Yorke.* She wolfe of France, but worse then wolues of France,  
Whose tongue's more poison'd then the Adders tooth,

How ill befeeming is it in thy sexe,

To triumph like an *Amazonian* trull,

Vpon his woes, whom Fortune captiuates?

But that thy face is visard-like vnchanging,

Made impudent by vse of euill deeds;

I would assay, proud *Queene* to make thee blush,

To tell thee of whence thou art, from whom deriu'de,

T'were shame enough to shame thee, were thou not shamelesse.

Thy father beares the type of King of *Naples*,

Of both the *Cisiles*, and *Ierusalem*,

Yet not so wealthy as an english yeoman.

Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to insult?

It needs not, or it bootes thee not proud *Queene*,

Vnlesse the Adage must be verifide;

That beggers mounted, run their horse to death.

Tis beauty, that oft makes women proud;

But God he wots, thy share thereof is small.

Tis gouernment that makes them most admir'd,

The contrary doth make thee wondred at.

Tis vertue that makes them seeme diuine,

The want thereof makes thee abominable.

Thou art as opposite to euery good,

As the *Antipodes* are vnto vs,

Or as the South to the Septentrion.

Oh Tygers heart wrapt in a womans hide;

How couldst thou draine the life blood of the childe,

To bid the father wipe his eyes withall,

And yet be seene to beare a womans face?

Women are milde, pittifull, and flexible,

Thou indurate, sterne, rough, remorselesse.

Bids thou me rage? why now thou hast thy will.

Wouldst haue me weepe? why so, thou hast thy wish.

For raging windes blow vp a storme of teares,

*Yorke and Lancaster.*

And when the rage alaes, the raine begins.

These teares are my sweet *Rutlands* obsequies,

And euery drop begs vengeance as it fals,

On thee fell *Clifford*, and the false French-woman.

*North.* Beshrew me but his passions moue me so,

as hardly I can checke mine eyes from teares.

*Yorke.* That face of his, the hungry Cannibals

Could not haue toucht, would not haue stain'd with blood;

But you are more inhumane, more inexorable,

Oten times more then Tygers of *Arcadia*.

See ruthlesse *Queene*, a haplesse fathers teares.

This cloth thou dipts in blood of my sweete boy,

And loe, with teares I wash the blood away.

Keepe thou the napkin, and go boast of that,

And if thou tell the story well,

Vpon my soule the hearers will shed teares,

I, euen my foes will shed fast falling teares,

and say, alas, it was a pitteous deed.

Here, take the crowne, and with the crowne my curse,

and in thy need, such comfort come to thee,

as now I reape at thy too cruell hands.

Hard harted *Clifford*, take me from the world,

My soule to heauen, my blood vpon your heads.

*North.* Had he bin slaughterman of all my kin,

I could not chuse but weepe with him, to see

How inward anger gripes his hart.

*Qu.* What, weeping ripe, my Lord *Northumberland*?

Thinke but vpon the wrong he did vs all,

And that will quickly dry your melting teares.

*Cliff.* There's for my oath, there's for my fathers death.

*Queene.* And there's to right our gentle harted kinde.

*Yorke.* Open thy gates of mercy gracious God,

My soule flies soorth to meete with thee.

*Queene.* Off with his head, and set it on *Yorke Gates*,

So *Yorke* may ouer-look the Towne of *Yorke*.

*Exeunt, omnes.*

*Enter.*